

## Sighs of A Dragon

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Summary: Based off the song Sigh by Kagamine Rin. A certain dragon always came back to a familiar cove everyday and sighed. He always wondered why he sighed. And he always wondered what was missing. One day, he finally gets an answer, but in a different way than he expected. But, there's always a consequence to everything. And in this case, the truth hurts. It always has, and it always will

## Sighs of A Dragon

**\*\*PLG: \*coughing and being very sick\* Yo, peoplz! Welcome to \*cough\* "Sighs of A Dragon" based on the song "Sigh" by Kagamine Rin\*\***

**\*\*Gaia: You wrote a tragedy AGAIN!? WHILE YOUR SICK!？\*\***

**\*\*PLG: WHEN I HAVE INSPIRATION I ACT ON IT \*hacks and coughs uncontrollably\*\*\***

**\*\*Gaia: When are you going to actually finish your numerous multi-chapter stories？\*\***

**\*\*PLG: WHEN I'M NOT SICK\*\***

**\*\*Gaia: \*sigh\* PLG doesn't own HTTYD nor Vocaloid.\*\***

**\*\*PLG: ROLL THE FILM \*coughs again\*\*\***

A deep and long sigh penetrated the air as footsteps of a dragon-like man crushed the autumn leaves under his feet as he walked.

Deep in the forests that were guarded by mythical and majestic creatures, there lay a forgotten cove.

The dragon man has been living for thousands of years now, yet since

more than one thousand years ago, he has been coming to this particular cove every day, the meaning of this action forgotten from the years that buried the memories.

He can remember very few things. He was part of the species of dragons called "Night Furies", evident by his jet black hair and the color of his scales when he was in dragon form. He had been flightless as long as he could remember, but he remembered how the skies felt, and that he at least once flown because of the fake fin attached to his tail, now utterly useless. He remembered his name-"Toothless".

His acid green eyes looked to the ground. "Whyâ€|whyâ€|" Toothless muttered out aloud as he sighed again, "These sighs won't stopâ€|"

What was the reason he felt so empty? Is it because he couldn't fly anymore? Is it because he has no friends? The dragon always wondered, but hasn't gotten any questions.

"It's pointless to ask these questions, isn't it?" he sighed again as he realized he was talking to no one, " Sorryâ€|"

He just couldn't stop sighing. Pointless air going out in a large amount, wasting the air he had breathed in.

What WAS the reason he became like this again?

What was the point of breathing anymore? What was the point of even \_living \_anymore? The dragon's existence was meaningless. It always was.

Was it?

He grit his teeth. Why couldn't he ever be happy?

"Seriouslyâ€|why can't you turn into happinessâ€|?" he asked his own sighs, not that he expected an answer anyways.

How long has this been going on? Just coming here to this cove, sighing constantly, always questioning himself as numerous sighs were expelled for a reason he doesn't knowâ€|or was it didn't remember?

Toothless teared up, for reasons he didn't understand. "It's not fun at allâ€|just existing like this," he uttered under his breath as he sighed for the umpteenth time, "Am I just senselessly searching for the cause of my meaningless sighs?"

But then he heard leaves crunching, and he turned to the sound, ready to defend himself, only to scrunch his face up in confusion.

It was a boyâ€|wearing Viking clothes?

'Didn't the Vikings leave a long time ago?' Toothless thought.

Yetâ€|this boy seemed really familiar to the dragon. Where did he see him before? Have they met before?

The Viking boy was quite short and thin for a Viking. A crooked smile was on his face with auburn hair and forest green eyes that were similar to the dragon's own eye color.

Then the dragon noticed some very important features.

The boy had wings and a halo.

"An angel!" the black haired dragon whispered in shock.

The angel went to him, and grabbed the dragon's clawed human hands and gave him a wider smile, making the freckles on the angel's face more prominent. "Give me your sighs," he said, grinning at the shocked dragon, "and I'll turn them into happiness."

Toothless couldn't move. He couldn't do anything as he just blurted out "please."

Suddenly, the two's surrounding burst into colors, and it constantly remade itself and shattered itself again and again, making a beautiful sight full of familiar memories.

The dragon can only gape his mouth in awe as he admired the illusion-looking environment around him while the angel just smiled softly at him.

Every sigh he ever uttered, it was replaced with happiness by the angel.

They're common and small happiness that he had forgotten as the years went by, filling his formerly empty heart to the brim as he smiled and laughed more than he did in more than a thousand years.

All his sighs were now buried under the dragon's huge smile.

But he noticed as every time he smiled and laughed, a part of his shattered memory comes back.

He starts to remember.

He got shot down.

He lost half of his tailfin.

He met a boy.

The boy fixed his tail.

The boy helped him to fly again.

They became friends.

The best of friends.

There was a gap.

What happened!? The dragon frantically search the reason in his mind.

And then, the last sigh turned in a smile.

And the very important memory returned.

\_He remembered the boy screaming.\_

\_He rushed to an arena and the boy was being pinned down by another dragon.\_

\_He saved the boy but got captured in the process.\_

\_The boy was screaming to his father and the other villagers to let him go but they wouldn't listen.\_

\_He was put on the ship let by the boy's father towards the nest.\_

\_The boy and his other friends saved him.\_

\_They fought the Queen.\_

\_They killed it.\_

\_But then his fake tailfin caught on fire.\_

\_The boy was falling.\_

\_He was falling.\_

\_They were both falling.\_

\_Falling into the fiery inferno of death caused by the Queen exploding.\_

\_He dove towards the boy, trying to save him.\_

\_They crashed.\_

\_He remembered the boy's father sobbing as he opened his eyes and apologized.\_

\_He lifted his wing up to reveal the boy. Hope was lifted.\_

\_The father checked his heartbeat but then his face has fallen. Hope was crushed into a million pieces.\_

\_He took the boy back and tried to warm his body.\_

\_Warm the cold body of his only and best friend. The only one who understood and loved him.\_

\_He breathed on him, "sighed" on him, desperately trying to warm the heartbreakingly cold body.\_

\_It was too late.\_

\_He was dead.\_

"Hiccup," Toothless gasped.

The tears wouldn't stop. They just wouldn't stop! Why won't they

stop!?

"So you remembered, bud?"

The sad crooked smile on the angel's face, the auburn hair, the forest green eyes, the Viking outfit, the freckles; everything!

The angel who gave him his happiness back was really Hiccup.

"What you were doing wasn't 'sighing'," the boy smiled sadly as he hugged the dragon that was his best friend a thousand years ago, "you were trying to warm me up-a gentle, gentle wind."

The tears came back full force as Toothless hugged him back tightly, like if the dragon let the angel go then the angel will die horribly again.

"Sorry for being late," the green eyed angel apologized softly as he slipped out of the dragon's grasp and started to float up, "I finally came back to return the favor."

Toothless reached up, trying to grab the angel despite knowing it was futile to even try to get the angel to stay. "Pleaseâ€¦"

Hiccup could only smile sadly as he started to fade. "No more sighing now, okay?" he gave his signature crooked smile, "C'mon, raise your head and smile!"

And he was gone.

The dragon suddenly noticed what he was kneeling in front of.

In the cove, under a big tree that always had autumn colors on its leaves, was a gravestone with nothing in it but a helmet that was once owned by the boy's mother, and passed onto the scrawny Viking that lived too short. Carved into the gravestone, was what the dragon wrote more than a thousand years ago:

\_\*\*This is dedicated to Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III\*\*\_

\_\*\*The first dragon trainer and tamer\*\*\_

\_\*\*The smallest but greatest hero of Berk\*\*\_

\_\*\*And my only and best friend\*\*\_

\_\*\*May this angel go to Valhalla, heaven, or at least a better place\*\*\_

\_\*\*Because we all know he deserves it\*\*\_

\_\*\*-Toothless the Night Fury\*\*\_

He stared. He stared at the gravestone for only Odin know how long before he noticed something.

His tailfin was back. It was fixed. A completely flesh and bone tailfin.

He can fly again.

He kissed the gravestone, before pulling away and wiping away the tears.

Toothless smiled. "Just you wait, Hiccup. I'll be with you again someday, but for now, we'll just have to wait."

And then, he took off, flying out in the open skies for the first time in a thousand years, into the sunrise, the symbol of hope for the dragon that, one day, he'll be happy with Hiccup again.

**\*\*PLG: I hope that wasn't as terrible as my sickness.\*\***

**\*\*Gaia: Please review and favorite and flames shall be used as tissue for PLG's runny nose.\*\***

**\*\*PLG: SEE YA LATER PEOP LZ! AHHHHH-CHOOOO!\*\***

End  
file.